

ROADRUNNER

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Don Walker
on Circus Animals



DEVO

Police

Teardrop Explodes

Laughing Clowns

Go-Go's

Joan Armatrading

Richard Clapton

Rose Tattoo

Clash - live.

Kim Wilde

Portrait Of A Pop Princess
by Chris Salewicz.



all pix: Eric Algra.



**The Clash
Capitol Theatre,
Sydney**

The opening night of The Clash's 'Magnificent Seven Tour' of Sydney starts with lead singer, guitarist and writer, Joe Strummer, politely thanking the support act, No Fixed Address, for their work . . . and in the same breath 'London Calling' bursts onto the packed house, scoring a success first up.

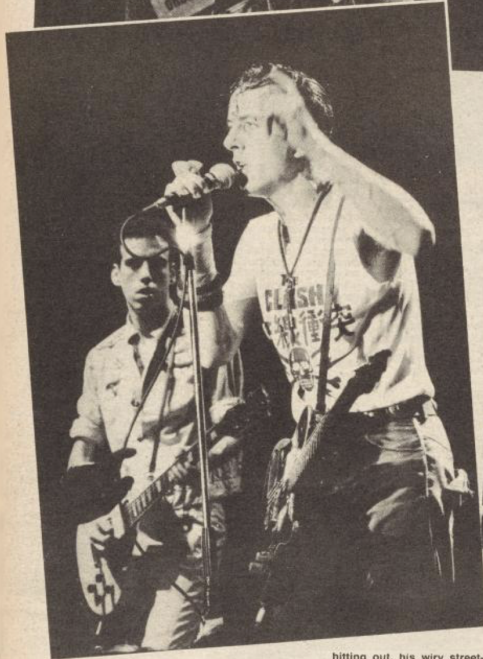
Two thousand happy punks getting just what they came for, screaming, "I live by the river . . . coo coo coo" and The Clash wipe out any chance of being a studio fake band. A great start to the show quickly followed by another favourite, 'Career Opportunities'.

Strummer announces that he's going to kill Mickey Mouse and Snoopy for being Yankee pigs and a slide show lights the backdrop for 'Washington Bullets'.

A Bo Diddley-beat version of 'Guns of Brixton', sung by bassist, Paul Simonon, opens in front of a cyclone wire fence, newspaper headlines of riots and shots of violent street fighting. The punk professionals have not only done a lot of homework and careful planning but they also leave no question as to whose side we're on. Multiply that by 2,000 fans a night for seven nights and you could start your own riot. The tension is relieved, slightly, with an up-tempo 'Stand By Me'.

For tour-tite-track, 'The Magnificent Seven', we are shown what looks like New York's skyline at night, alternating with Americana—Holiday Inn, Neon lights, fast food and street scenes. "Weatherman and the crazy chief! One says sun and one says sleet! A.M. the F.M. the P.M. too! Churning out that boogaloo."

Joe Strummer leads his raspy voice into 'Wrong 'Em Boys', with back-up from Mick Jones' smoother support vocals. They ask for electric fans, but instead get a dead fox and a note about mandies and brandies. Strummer takes the opportunity to advertise the Civic Hotel and an offer from 2/56 somewhere in King's



Cross, before drummer, Topper Headon takes a strap-on vocal mike for the 'Sandinista' song, 'Ivan meets G.I. Joe'.

The slides return featuring hammer-and-sickle alternating with the American eagle either side of a soldier in helmet and gas mask. Men and tanks (both Soviet and U.S.) swap with cartoons of President Jelly Bean and the Politburo sans two heads.

A brawl starts in the front row as the band introduce 'Brand New Cadillac': Strummer kneels on the stage and motions Jones to cut. Silence. "You guys in the orange shirts, get over 'ere. There's no hurry . . . we can sort this out (without having to involve the police) . . . we don't want anyone getting themselves killed, alright? Can we work out a peace settlement?"

The Capitol collectively cranes its neck to have a look at the free entertainment and photographers jump on chairs to click shots. It's all over with screaming guitars and Headon's machine-gunning drumming

hitting out, his wiry street-kid arms pounding with Simonon's bass, for 'Somebody Got Murdered'.

Clash run through 'Koka Kola', 'I Fought The Law (And The Law Won)' and into a wild cry, "What are we going to do, nowwww? . . . Working for the clampdown." Orange flashing lights add a bit of panic to Headon's rim shots. All stops are out and with a giant crash the Clash unplug and depart the stage.

The bloke behind me, Chris, says that they're the only contemporary rock band in the world and he's bigger than me. But he's almost right. (Never forget Ian Dury.)

The Clash do the audience titillation segment, running out the back for a pee and a quick drink whilst we stamp our feet, clap hands and scream for an encore. They've only done a bit over an hour so far and when they return under a barrage of streamers they fire through a new song, then the very popular 'Tommy Gun' and 'Charlie Don't Surf', backed by nasty slides of U.S. Marines and soldiers with tortured prisoners and a

lot worse. A tense reggae beat leads to a bass solo. Strummer slides in whilst Jones sets the scene with background guitar and into 'Garageland' knocking everyone off their feet. Clash leave the stage again, but return for the second bracket in their encore, with 'Safe European Home', followed by 'Armageddon Time' with slides of starvation and deprivation. The Clash compromise nothing.

The Clash have a very heavy message and they make it painfully clear. Amnesty International would be proud of The Clash, as should every thinking human. In these days of showmen and pretty entertainers some people can remember their souls.

They also remember their art. 'London's Burning!' they scream and fire. Strummer falls to the floor as the rest of the band powerhouse their way into 'White Riot' and then back off for a long instrumental opening to 'J.J. Jimmy Jazz'. Again they unplug and bow to the crowd. Cheering, chanting, hooting and screaming into the stage microphones, the Capitol's patrons start to leave, via the bar at the back of the house. Until the punk professionals return for their fourth and final encore.

'Police On My Back' and absolutely the last number for the two-hour show is 'I'm So Bored With U.S.A.' David Langsam.